

CLEVER WORK BY BRIGHT LITTLE GIRLS

The editor is sure the members of the T. D. C. C. will be interested in the following letter, received this week, and in the work of the club to which the letter refers. The letter says:

Times-Dispatch,
Editor, Children's Department:

As your paper seems to have taken a great interest in children, I write to simply call your attention to the enclosed publication, gotten up by two young girls, one about twelve or thirteen and the other about fifteen. I think "They happen to be neighbors of mine at Home Place, and my attention has just been called to this monthly publication. It struck me as such a creditable undertaking for children so small that you would, no doubt be glad to make mention of it in the department referred to in your next Sunday's edition, provided space will allow.

They know nothing about this communication, and should you see fit to make any mention of it it will prove a great surprise to them as well as the many neighbors who know them and buy their little paper. All of them take your valuable paper. Of course, it is principally a local affair, but the idea is worth imitating as a means of instruction. It appears to me, and might encourage others to try it. Your time is valuable (as well as my own), so I will not impose further. Will leave the matter entirely with you as to its publication in your columns. With kind regards, I beg to remain,
Yours very truly,
WILLIAM B. DANIEL.

Richmond, Va., July 11th.
The monthly publication to which Mr. Daniel refers is called "The Oracle." Miss Frances Coffey is its editor-in-chief and Miss Ethel Long its business manager. A sample copy, sent through the courtesy of Mr. Daniel, shows that "The Oracle" is one of the brightest of juvenile organs. For the benefit of the T. D. C. C. members, some extracts in the way of society notes and advertising, taken from the sample copy, are introduced here.

The Society Column.
There was much joy in the hearts of the Home Place girls when they read that Mr. Dunaway had been re-elected principal of Sidney High School. The girls, of course, will attend next year.

The phones in the neighborhood have become great nuisances (for the people using them). Isn't it annoying to be called up and asked to hold the phone a minute, and when the minute's up, to be told that you "may hang it up and oblige?"

Miss Waltheil's tennis court was a pleasant scene the other afternoon when several young people were gathered there for a good time. Miss Waltheil, dressed in a charming gown and tennis slippers, was the center of attraction.

Miss Price has arrived from Ivy, Va. She is a beautiful blonde, and her winning ways have won numerous friends.

The young ladies of Home Place took very stylish in their new summer dresses. They are made in all colors, especially green, pink and white.

On the 30th of June Mr. Donald Regester was fourteen years of age. In honor of this occasion he gave a euchre party.

Advertisements.

Wanted—To know how a certain young lady can ride her wheel so much and not "fall off."

Wanted—Some one to subscribe for "The Oracle."

Wanted—Some one to furnish a substantial cover for "The Oracle." Will be paid by an "aid."

Wanted—Some one to get up a lawn party. Have not had any in Home Place this summer.

Lost—The reason for buying so many "Green Eggs," "The Home Place girls" will soon buy out the supply at the Globe.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A good excuse for not subscribing for "The Oracle."

Wanted—To know who in Home Place are kids and who are not.

Wanted—A reason why certain Home Place girls do not go to the Lake a few nights ago.

Wanted—Some good articles for "The Oracle," written by our numerous friends.

Wanted—Intelligent readers for "The Oracle."

Wanted—A severe critic for this paper.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE WEEK

Nannie L. Bristow, of Locust Hill, Va., for a "Portrait Puzzle."

N. Florence Leech, 1225 East Broad Street, city. Drawing of symbolical Eastern figure.

Jessie Alice Bullard, Radford, Va. Story entitled "The Old Horse."

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Alexander, Roy, Leech, N. Florence, Astron, Robbie, Pease, Fred H., Bullard, Dossie L., Reid, Elizabeth, Bristow, N. L., Reid, Jessie Alice, Bullard, Helen, Rowson, Bessie A., Bullard, Ralph, Reid, Ida, Blunt, Willie, Rankin, Rosalind, Beveridge, E. M., Richardson, B. M., Foss, Selma, P., Schmink, Louise, Fisher, F. Harold, Taylor, Henry F., Geizer, DuPont, Tyree, Annie Mae, Giles, John W., Tyler, Carter, Howard Olla, Tyus, Evelyn, Koss, Russell, Tyus, Annie May, Keys, Ori E., Tyus, Mary Louise, Ligon, V. S., Webber, Lottie, Lucy, George, Wainhour, Gerale, Leftwich, D. K., Wright, Nancy, Lucy, May, Wood, Charce, Leibiger, Carrie, Walsak, George J.

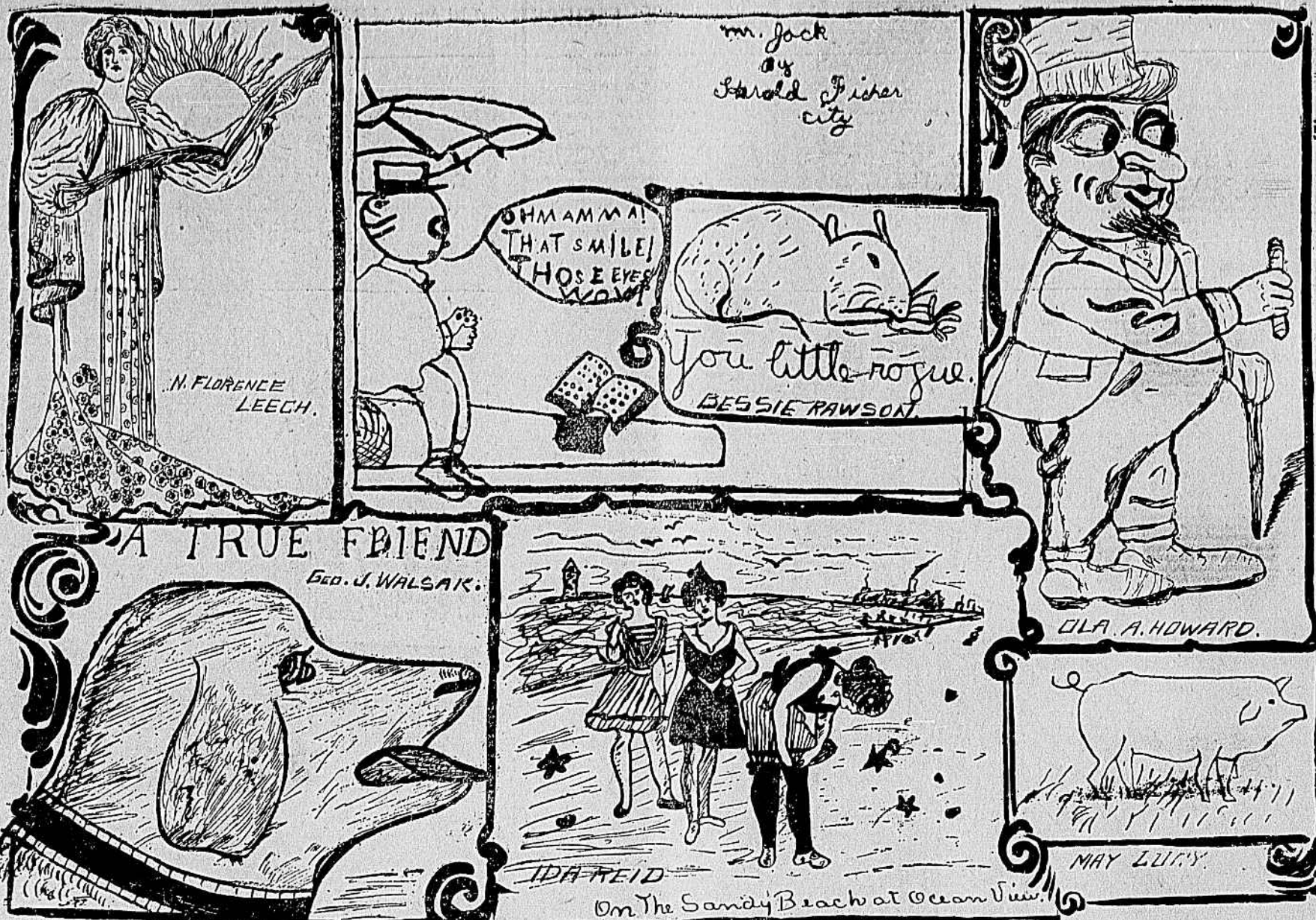
THE OLD HORSE'S STORY.

It was a beautiful summer evening when I was out in the meadow that "old Fanny" told me the history of her life. "I am getting old, my dear, and have seen lots of this world," Fanny began. "But, Fanny, I want to know about you when you were a colt," I said. "Well, well, have patience, child; young people are always in a hurry."

"Why, of course, we are; but dear old Fanny, please tell me," I begged.

"My life was very and because I was

GROUP OF FINE DRAWINGS BY OUR CLUB MEMBERS.



Letters From The Children

Dear Editor—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Enclosed you will find a story, which I hope you will think good enough to publish. Please send me a badge. I am,
Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY K. LEFTWICH,
201 Sycamore St., City.

Dear Sir, of the T. D. C. C.—I will send in my drawing and a very long hope. I will not go to the waste-basket. I just my badge; please send me another. I will send in my drawing every week to see if I can win a prize. From
ROY ALEXANDER,
116 E. Leigh Street.

Dear Sir—May I join your Children's Club? and will you send me a badge? I am nine years old. Please put my story in the Dispatch.
N. R. WRIGHT,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor—I am an old member, but I have not written for so long, because I have been away. Enclosed you will find a picture, which I hope you will publish. I hope I will get a prize like Joseph Ramos. Well, good-bye, your friend,
CLARENCE WOOD,
100 N. Lombardy Street.

Dear Editor—Enclosed is a composition on Yellow Stone Park. I hope to see it appear on the Children's Page. I hope I get the prize.
Sincerely yours,
JOHN GILES,
Ridgelyville, N. C.

Dear Editor—I have tried and tried to be as successful as the other members, but my pieces are not as good or so interesting as theirs. You will find a story and a drawing, which I hope will be worthy of a prize. With best wishes, I remain,
Your little friend,
NANNIE BRISTOW,
Locust Hill, Va.

Dear Editor of the T. D. C. C.—I have moved from Richmond out in Chesterfield my address is Swansboro, Va.
Look in the inside of this paper and you will find Mr. Triangle. Good-bye.
FRED, H. PBAER,
Swansboro, Va.

Dear Editor—Enclosed please find a drawing entitled "Mr. Firkin," which I hope you will see fit to publish. Wishing the T. D. C. C. much success, I remain,
Your friend,
OLA HOWARD.

Dear Editor—I enclose a drawing and hope to see it in the paper next Sunday. I am not a member of the T. D. C. C., but I wish you would send me a badge.
Yours sincerely,
BESSIE ARBUCKLE RAWSON,
No. 1219 West Broad Street.

Dear Editor—Enclosed you will find two drawings, which I hope to see in the paper next Sunday. I do not know if you publish two pictures or not; if you don't, why, just take the best one. Wishing the club success, I remain,
Yours truly,
LEO REID,
No. 23 East Canal Street, city.

Dear Editor—The badge you sent me some time ago is broken; will you please send me another? I have some more riddles, which I hope you will print on the children's page. Your friend,
ELIZABETH REID.

Dear Editor—I received my book, all right and am very charmed with it. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I started to reading it, and it was so interesting that I haven't stopped now. I regret to say that I haven't had a picture taken for some time, but I will have some taken next week and will send you one as soon as I can. I also enclose some drawings. The picture of the goat is entitled "The Goat." The names of the others are under them. Hoping they will not reach the waste basket and thinking you again for my prize, I remain,
Fraternally yours,
ROBBIE ASTROP.

T. S.—I am fourteen years old and new to the drawing lessons.
Sunny, Va.

Dear Editor—I would like very much to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Enclosed you will find a composition on "The Men of Thought." I hope I will be able to publish in your paper.
Yours truly,
EVELYN TYUS.

Dear Editor—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C., so please send me a badge. Enclosed you will find a drawing of a snow scene. I hope you can read this.
ANNIE MAE TYUS.

Dear Editor—I am sending you a little story by this mail. I hope you will like it. Lovingly, your little friend,
JESSIE A. REID.

Editor T. D. C. C.:
Dear Editor—This week I send you a drawing; I hope it is acceptable. I received my prize, a book of fairy tales, some days ago. Thank you kindly for it. My little sister enjoyed reading them very much. She is going to send you some conch shells next week. Wishing success to all the members, I am your little friend,
N. FLORENCE LEECH.

Dear Editor—I suppose the members think I have forgotten the club, but I will prove that I have not by sending the picture of a deer which I have drawn, and hope to see on the T. D. C. C. page. I have been a prize winner, but I shall not lose my hope and courage. I will close, wishing the club greatest success.
Your devoted member,
ORA E. KEYS,
No. 1723 W. Leigh St., Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor—Please find enclosed a drawing entitled "Mr. Jack," which I hope will be published on the children's page. Please send me a badge, as I lost my other one.
Yours truly,
F. HAROLD FISHER,
No. 1140 Floyd Avenue.

Dear Editor—I have not gotten my badge yet. Will you send my badge please. Your friend,
HELEN BULLARD.

Dear Editor—I send you some work which I hope you will accept. There are five that I want to join the club. They are John and Bessie Ligon, Louise and Etta Thimman, and Dr. Ward Taylor. Please send the five badges to me, and I will give it to them. I hope that I will receive a prize for my work. Hoping the T. D. C. C. success, I am, your true member,
U. SPOTTWOOD LIGON.

THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Portrait Puzzle.

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83	16
84	15
85	14
86	13
87	12
88	11
89	10
90	9
91	8
92	7
93	6
94	5
95	4
96	3
97	2
98	1

If you take a pen or pencil and draw connecting lines from 1 to 2, 2 to 3 and so on until you reach 98 you will see how good the portrait is.
NANNIE BRISTOW,
Locust Hill, Va.

Riddles.

- At what season did Eve eat her apple?
- What was the color of the storm at sea?
- Why is a woman's beauty like a ten dollar bill?
- Why is a naughty schoolboy like a postage stamp?
- How do you make a slow horse fast?
- How do you keep food on an empty stomach?
- In what color should a secret be kept?
- On what day of a church do trees grow best?

BY ELLA LEIBIGER,
203 S. Reservoir, City.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Liberty Bell.

WHOLE.
"But as for me, give me liberty or give me death."
1. Lafayette; 2. soldiers; 3. rebels; 4. bravery; 5. Edward; 6. him; 7. him; 8. him.

Charade.

Firecracker.
ROBALIND RANKIN.
A NICKEL'S TRAVEL.

I was taken from a mine in Southwest Missouri. After being melted in a furnace, I was taken to the mint, where I was made into a bright, new coin, and was sent to a bank in St. Louis, with nineteen others like myself. The banker, Mr. Stewart, unwrapped the little package, and, needing some change, put me in his pocket. When he went home to dinner he gave me to his little girl to buy candy. In about an hour I was in a beautiful store, but no one noticed me until I was needed for change again. I was glad to be given to a sweet-faced lady, and thought I could rest, but she gave me to her little boy, and I had to leave my nice home to be given for a top. I have been traveling around the city for a year, and was once lost in

the street. An old miser found me, and now I am shut up in an old tin box, and the only breath of air I get is at night, when he counts us. I am very lonely, and will be glad when I can travel again.
Selected by ELIZABETH REID.

THE MAN OF THOUGHT.

The men of thought are much greater than the men of action, because they do all of the thinking and planning, and have the men of action to do what they want done. A man of thought can do so much more in the world than a man of action. It matters not how active a man is, if he has no thought his activity never does him any good. A man of thought can think and plan things that he wants done and get some one to do them; but a man of action cannot get any one to think for him.

For an example, take the steam engine. The man that thought it up and how to do it without being told, but the man that made it did not know until



SUNNY JIM.
By E. Dupont Geizer.

he was told by the man that had planned it.

The other example: Take George Washington, the greatest general of the Revolutionary war. He did all of the thinking and planning for the whole army of American soldiers. The soldiers were the men of action; but what could they have done without some one to think and plan for them?

Then take Patrick Henry. He was a man of very great thought. He thought about how England treated her colonies over here so much that he began to make public speeches, and got the people aroused that they went to war to gain their independence. The independence was due more to him than it was to the soldiers, because they would never have thought about it if it had not been for Patrick Henry. So it is evident why the man of thought is greater than the man of action.

EVELYN TYUS.

A SNOW SCENE.

Oh, I think a snow scene is the prettiest scene in the world when the whole earth is covered in a mass of snow. The birds are flying from tree to tree, eating holly and other berries and chirping so merrily. Some one has compared

a snow-scene to the kingdom of heaven, pure and whiteness. Everything looks so beautiful covered in snow—the houses, the trees, the fences, the gate posts—looks like they have on white caps. I think to get up a crowd and sleigh-riding could be some fun, or snow-hauling other. And pictures of different places covered in snow are so pretty. Oh, I think it the very emblem of purity.
ANNIE MAE TYUS.

MARJORIE'S DREAM.

"Marjorie! Marjorie!" called Aunt Celia from the kitchen; but there was no reply.
"Well," said Aunt Celia to herself, "I wonder where Marjorie can be, and her supper dishes not washed."
Aunt Celia stood in the doorway of the kitchen, looking into the dusky evening.

"My," she said to herself, "surely Marjorie would not go out and play when it is so dark."

So she turned and went up the rickety stairs to the attic, in hopes of finding her there, and sure enough there lay Marjorie rolled up asleep on her little straw bed.

Aunt Celia shook her a little and Marjorie half opened her sleepy eyes.
"Well, don't you think you had better go down stairs and wash your dishes, dear?" said Aunt Celia with a smile.

"Oh," said Marjorie, with a sigh, "I wish the old things would wash themselves, or that I was a queen and didn't have to work, and then I'd sit on a throne all day, dressed in a beautiful silk dress."

"That's a foolish wish to make," said Aunt Celia. "Now, run down and see how fast you can do them."

But Marjorie was too sleepy to hurry. It took her a long time to clear them up and wash them, and then she sat down to dry them, when suddenly there came in a lot of little fairies, with harps, that played the prettiest music Marjorie had ever heard, but when the dishes began to choose partners and dance all over the table, she could hardly believe it was true. Suddenly she heard a loud crash, and she awoke to find the wash she had broken.

WHAT I WISH I WAS.

I wish I was an editor.
I really do, indeed.
It seems to me that editors
Have everything they need—
(Except money).
They get the largest and the best
Of everything that grows;
And get free into houses,
And other kinds of shows—
(By giving an equivalent).
The biggest bug will speak to them,
No matter how they dress;
A shabby coat is nothing
If you own a printing press—
(Policy).
At ladies' fairs they are almost hugged
By pretty girls, who know
That they will crack up everything
The ladies have to show—
(Lucky fellows).
And thus they get a "blowout" free.
At every party feed;
The reason is because they write,
And other people read—
(That's so).
LOTTIE LEE WEBBER,
Salem, Va.



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a snow-scene to the kingdom of heaven, pure and whiteness. Everything looks so beautiful covered in snow—the houses, the trees, the fences, the gate posts—looks like they have on white caps. I think to get up a crowd and sleigh-riding could be some fun, or snow-hauling other. And pictures of different places covered in snow are so pretty. Oh, I think it the very emblem of purity.

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